

THE
PER JUR'D MAID

WHO

Foreswore herself for Riches

Giving an Account, what an Example she
was made, which I hope will be a Warning
to all YOUNG PEOPLE.

To which are added,

WILLY'S LOVELY VOICE.

O SWEET SLEEP.

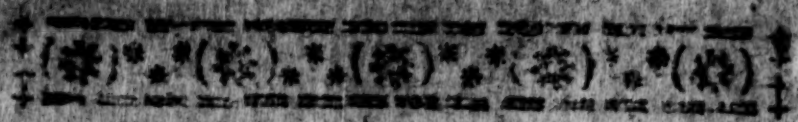
SWEET AND SMART.



G. L. A. S. G. O. W.

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THE PERJURED MAID.

COME lovers all, both maids and men,
Who swear to what you ne'er intend,
A warning-piece I bring to you,
The which is strange but certain true.

A Nobleman near Exeter,
He had a comely daughter fair;
And at the age of sixteen years,
She courted was by Lords and Peers.

But none of them her heart could move,
Till a young sea Captain he did prove,
To be the master of her heart,
And caus'd it both to bleed and smart.

His person was so excellent,
That the poor soul had not content;
And always when he went to sea,
She'd weep with sorrow bitterly.

And many times beyond the seas,
He study'd things his love to please;
Cupid had giv'n the wound so deep,
It made him oft-times also weep.

A piece of gold he broke in two,
And said, If e'er I prove false to you,
May Heaven's judgements from above,
Fall on their heads, that flights true love.

Her answer was, My dear, said she,
If ever I prove false to thee,
I with my body ne'er a grave,
Nor soul a resting place may have.

Soon after this it happen'd so,
That he, alas! to sea must go;
One night he came to her we find,
And thus began to tell his mind:

My tender soul, said he, henceforth,
Dear life be mindful of your oath;
O think of me when I am gone,
For thee I'm comfortless alone.

She kissing him, and crying, said,
My dearest soul be pacified;
If that I don't prove true, said she,
May Heav'n's judgements fall on me.

No sooner was he gone to sea,
But this poor wretched creature, she,
Was courted by another man
Who did her yielding heart trapan.

This poor young man who was her love,
By stress of weather he was drove,
Upon the coast of Barbary,
When he had been nine months away.

The other being discontent,
This wretched maiden did consent,
To match with him for riches sake,
And all her former vows to break.

The day was set for to be wed,
 But the night before as 'tis said,
 The poor young Captain came to town,
 In poverty, and much cast down.

Poor soul, by stress of weather, he
 Had lost his substance in the sea;
 Both ship and loading all were gone,
 Seldom one sorrow comes alone.

He hearing how her mind was bent,
 In tears he for the Lady sent:
 She came to him with scornful frown,
 Asking what wind brought him to town?

My dearest soul, the Captain said
 I hear to-morrow you're to wed;
 Straight with a frown she cry'd, 'tis true,
 and if I be, What's that to you?

Tears stop'd his speech, no more could say,
 Straight from his arms she flung away,
 And left him there in tears alone,
 With heart as cold as lead or stone.

In floods of tears to bed he went,
 And spent the night in discontent;
 Smiting his breast, he oft-times said,
 Oh! that I'd in the ocean died.

In the morning soon, as it was light,
 In tears he did a letter write,
 Which he directed to his dear.
 The words were these as you shall hear,

"Thou falsest soul of woman-kind,
 "This is to put thee fresh in mind
 "How most ungrateful you have been.
 "Oh! while you're here repent your sin.
 "Oh! take your joys while they do last,
 "But be assur'd e'er night be past,
 "I'll come in tears and visit you.
 "No more from him that loves so true."

She took the letter with a scoff,
 And reading it she fram'd a laugh;
 Into her pocket put the same,
 And to her company went again.

No answer from her could he get,
 Therefore in height of passion great,
 Unto a river near the town,
 In tears of sorrow walked down;

Smiting his breast, he often cry'd,
 O! that in the ocean I had dy'd;
 And never liv'd to see this day,
 To throw my precious life away.

His grief was more than he could bear,
 Into the river deep and clear,
 He flung himself with bitter cries,
 And never more was seen to rise.

That very night in which he dy'd,
 She to another was made bride;
 In mirth and joy the day they pass,
 But mark her sorrows at the last.

Night being come, she said, my dear,
 Let me the first to bed repair,
 If after you'll be pleas'd to come.
 My maid shall show you to the room.

The same it was by both agreed,
 Being put to bed, the maid with speed
 Taking her leave, return'd down stairs,
 The same minute the Ghost appears.

With piercing words he to her cry'd,
 Oh! perjur'd soul, not satisfy'd,
 With all the love that I could give,
 How canst thou thus desire to live?

Could not my sighs make thee to grieve?
 Could not my sighs make thee believe?
 That my distressed heart was true?
 What canst thou say? speak to me now.

With that she shriek'd out bitterly,
 Oh! pray, dear Christian souls, said she,
 Save me! save my life, I do die,
 I am ruin'd to eternity.

'Tis not your cries, said he, can save
 Your perjur'd body from the grave:
 This night you ly with me in clay,
 Then straight he took her hence away.

They hearing of her dreadful cry,
 Up stairs immediately did hie,
 But found the chamber all alone,
 The poor young Lady being gone.

In tears of sorrow all were drown'd,
 In her pocket they the letter found,
 Which he had sent the day before,
 Reading the same they wept the more.

The Father cry'd I am undone ;
 The husband he distracted run :
 Oh! take warning here both young and old,
 And never break your vows for gold



O G E N T L E S L E E P.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone,
 is owing all our peace ;
 By thee our joys are height'ned shown,
 by thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,
 some tyrant has possess'd ;
 By thee obtaining a divorce.
 in her own choice is bless'd.

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
 the sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose one day,
 the object of her care.

To grasp those pleasing forms she thought,
 that moment chas'd her sleep ;
 Thus by ourselves are oftenest wrought,
 the griefs for which we weep.

* * * * *

WILLY'S LOVELY VOICE.

COME ye maidens of this city,
Join with me in this my ditty,
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
And crown with joy the happy day.

So let the glass go briskly round,
For sure I heard the pleasant sound,
Of my Willy's pleasant voice,
Come ye nymphs with me rejoice.

Let all our cares be banish'd hence,
And none attempt with vain pretence,
To impede a scene of pleasure,
Which exceeds the miser's treasure.

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SWEET AND SMART.

To heal a wound a bee had made,
upon my Kirt's face,
Honey upon the place she laid,
and bade me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound,
imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
The honey on my lips I found,
the sting within my heart.

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